A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION
VOLUME 23 NUMBER 4

INTERNATIONAL club

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TAKE ME NOW!

DIP YOUR WICK IN A DOZEN SEX-STARVED BABES

THEY'I
OF
LUC
GOE
HORS
RIDIN

109000

CLUB IS 100% HORNY!

BIT OF FLUF
BOOZIN
SMOKING
SHAGGIN
WITH BASTAR
BUNN

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770955 181024

THIS MONTH IN CLUB TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Three Number Four

page 5
Libby

page 29
Clare

Aaah, Monday morning is here again! Don't you just love that feeling of springing naked out of bed like a jack-in-the-box, throwing open your bedroom window and breathing in the cool air of a fresh spring morning? Of course, it's a little hard to do if you've got a roomful of drink-addled degenerates left over from the night before, the remains of a prawn and pineapple curry over your best Duffer of St George shirt (£65) and you're wearing the same undercrackers you got as a Christmas pressie from your mother back in December (1988). Yes it was one of those weekends again...

Too much alcohol, too many fags, not enough women and a big furry animal. Let me explain...

Too much alcohol, too many fags and a big furry animal...

My weekend started early, 4.30pm on Friday to be exact. "It's Friday – the weekend starts here!" barked an exciteable voice down the phone line as I returned from an extended lunchbreak. "See you in The George at six..." There wasn't a second to waste – my friends *needed* me, goddam it!

When you're a renowned party animal and a budding socialite as I am, there isn't time to sit around in front of the telly on a Friday night, relaxing with friends or wining and dining a beautiful woman. No, you have to go out and grab life by the balls.

I arrived at my favourite drinking establishment bang on six and looking around I soon spotted my good friends, sprawled half-naked on the grubby lino between the fag machine and the bar. Jeez, they'd even saved me a space on the floor beside them – what a great bunch of guys!

A few pints of any old shit later, we'd sealed our plans for the weekend. Pub-club-club-pub-pub-club-club-pub-club... but not necessarily in

Thought of the month:
It's your fault – you forgot to remind me what it was I forgot to remember. – Stuart, Soho 1964–1994

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Lisa

page 37
Julia

that order, you understand. Things were looking good and I was feeling great...

I have to admit though, things started to get decidedly fuzzy soon after we left The George at midnight. With hastily scribbled directions to a club in South London, we hailed a cab and headed for the hottest spot in town: Sabresonic.

Believe me, I'm all for diversity in London's clubland, but rabbits? Now whether it was something in the dry ice or those funny coloured Smarites I'd eaten earlier, I was getting the distinct feeling that something was seriously amiss. I'd come to this conclusion after I found myself at three o'clock in the morning on London Bridge in deep and meaningful conversation with a six-foot tall, pot-smoking, lager-drinking rabbit. "My name's Bastard Bunny," he told me. "Any chance of an appearance in your excellent magazine? With Clare – she's my favourite..." Madness had finally taken hold – and I found myself in the care of my furry friend for the rest of the weekend, drinking constantly and shaking my tail, err arse, to some cracking tunes in clubs all over the capital.

Well, that's what I think happened, anyway and it's probably not too far from the truth.

The next thing I remember was waking up this morning, surrounded by a roomful of people and a bad hangover. "Where the fuck did you get to on Friday?" they asked.

"Errr, actually, there was this rabbit..." I stammered.

"Shit, forget it."

Had it all been a bizarre dream? I rushed into the kitchen and found two dozen empty cans of lager, a half-nibbled carrot and those saucy snaps you can see on page 11. Oh, and a note... 'Thanks for a cracking weekend, see you on the floor next week – Bastard Bunny'.

Life's beginning to feel a little like an episode of *Mister Ben* for my liking. I think I need a holiday... ♣

page 44
Anna

page 90
Kate

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in the bag

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF.

GREAT DANE

Although I've only recently started reading *Club*, I have to admit to being overwhelmed at all the gorgeous girls you feature each month. I'm a bisexual woman and my girlfriend, Katia, and I both enjoy looking through the magazine together and then comparing the women inside. We've both agreed that Vanessa (Vol 23 No 2) is the sexiest woman we've seen in *Club* and we'd love to see more of her. She's got an amazing figure: very lithe and lean, but with a large pair of mouthwatering breasts that are just begging to be sucked and licked for hours on end.

I first met Katia in Malta last summer when I was on holiday with my boyfriend, Graham (who I later gave the elbow!). Katia is from Denmark and is tall, with long blonde hair and an unbelievable figure – in fact, she's as far removed from the stereotypical image of a lesbian as she could possibly be.

I first saw her sitting beside the hotel pool on a sun-lounger – she was wearing a skimpy black bikini and I was instantly mesmerised by the lush curves of her 36-24-34 figure. We got talking immediately and arranged to meet for a drink together that night in the hotel bar. Just the thought of running my hands up and down her slim hips and over her pert breasts had me feeling so horny, I spent the rest of the afternoon in the shower pleasuring myself with eager fingers and the warm spray from the shower head!

By the time I met her at nine o'clock, I was so turned on that I pulled her onto the dance-floor as soon as the first slow record came on. Katia didn't resist my advances as I ran my hands all over her body, feeling her lovely curves and grinding my hips hard against hers. Katia responded just as eagerly and I knew by the way her nimble fingers eased inside the waistband of my knickers that we'd end up in bed together that night.

In fact, we didn't even make it back to the chalet! Katia suggested that we should walk back along the beach and when we were out of sight, she pulled me close to her and our lips met for the first time. It wasn't long before we were on the wet sand together, caressing and touching each other. When Katia pulled up my dress and saw my shaven pussy, she went absolutely wild!

She wrestled me onto the sand, spread my legs wide and then went down on me; easing my thighs even further apart so that her tongue could probe my wet hole. She was definitely an expert and brought me to an intense climax within minutes, my hips bucking up off the sand as I came.

When Katia eventually came up for air, her face was covered in a thin sheen of my juices and I couldn't resist kissing her passionately and savouring the musky taste.

Before long we were meeting each other at every available opportunity... I even moved into her apartment for the last week of my holiday! We found that we got on so well, it only seemed natural for Katia to move in with me when she came to London to study English a few months ago. I don't think that I'll give up on fellas altogether, but at the moment I haven't met a man who can please me as much as Katia obviously does! – *Francesca, London*

FEELING FRUITY?

I've been studying at Manchester University for the last two years and have been a regular reader of *Club*. Your magazine is very popular amongst the students here and Lucy has been elevated to the status of top pin-up amongst the lads here on campus.

Personally, I love the letters and confessions in *Club*, although I never thought I'd be writing in with my own story – but some of the guys here persuaded me to write in and tell your readers of my experience last summer...

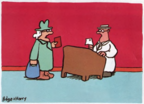
My parents live in Preston and I go back there for the occasional long weekend or during a break from my studies. Last summer I was at home for a week looking after my parent's house while they went off to Spain for a holiday. The weather was very warm and I spent the first few days out in the

WIFE OF THE MONTH

Mrs Noel Edmonds

Stuff Mr Blobby! We reckon that Noel Edmonds must have a right House Party whenever his gorgeous wife's in the mood...

Do you have the hots for a celebrity's wife? Why not nominate her as *Club's Wife Of The Month*? It could help her forget that her hubby's the object of ridicule for an entire nation... ♣



"Pound of pork swords and a pair of beef curtains..."

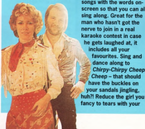
SAD NEWS

Proudly bringing you the latest products for social inadequates...

Hello, chaps and chapesses... Welcome to the column that's just for you! Every month Sad News will bring the latest fun things to do for fellas who prefer railway locomotives to ladies. This month, have we got a couple of brill videos just for you!

Jukebox Karaoke: Back To The Seventies! **features 16 smashing pop songs with the words on-screen so that you can all sing along. Great for the man who hasn't got the nerve to join in a real karaoke contest in case he gets laughed at, it includes all your favourites. Sing and dance along to *Chirpy-Chirpy Cheep-Cheep* – that should have the buckles on your sandals jingling, huh?! Reduce the girl you fancy to tears with your rendition of *Billy Don't Be A Hero*, or recall the last time you nearly got a snog to *I Feel Love* (all three words are printed, so all you have to learn are the subtle changes of inflection!).**

Young saddos will be more impressed by the sequel in the series, *Jukebox Karaoke: Back To The Eighties!*, with



JUKEBOX KARAOKE
BACK TO THE 80'S

garden sunbathing.

On the third day I'd been studying for most of the morning and so by mid-afternoon I thought I deserved a break. I went out into the garden with a cold beer and lay down to soak up the sun again. I was just getting comfortable on the lounger when I happened to glance across and saw my neighbour out in her garden doing the same thing. Sasha's about 25-years-old, slim with short, dark hair and lives with her boyfriend, Jack (who is in his mid-forties). She was dressed in a miniscule white bikini; it was obvious that it was about two sizes too small, because her breasts (at least 36D by my reckoning!) were almost popping out of the top. Of course, I couldn't help but cop an eyeful of her beautiful figure... and she soon noticed.

"Have you got nothing better to do on a day like this?" she drawled in her upper-crust accent. I laughed nervously, then she spoke again. "Look why don't you come over here and keep me company? I've got some wine inside the house – do you fancy joining me for a drink?" I hesitated for a second, but when Sasha stood up and stretched her body taut; her boobs standing proud and her bikini bottoms straining against

continued on page 42

songs such as *I Should Be So Lucky* and *Too Many Broken Hearts* from the era when everyone was highly-paid and Kylie-mad.

The videos come from Screen International and cost a mere £9.99, so there's no need to sell your Hornby 'Bo-Bo Class A Mixed Freight Locomotive' to afford one ♣.

Imagine you're lying on the sofa when the doorbell rings. No, it's not Jehovah's Witnesses! There at the door is a sumptuous brunette in a trenchcoat. She demands to be let in, pulls off her coat to reveal a black basque, stockings and stilettos. "Make love to me, now..." she demands. Well if you live near Libby, a 20-year-old from Taunton, it might just happen!

"My confidence has soared since my last appearance in Club and I dream of spontaneous sex all the time," she purrs. "I'd love to turn up at the house of some hunky

guy and just seduce him on the spot!

"In fact, there's this bloke on the train that I see every day..." reveals Libby. "I'm dying to just strip off and make love to him right there and then!"

What if somebody bursts in?

"Ooh, you're so prudish," replies Libby. "That's half the fun!" ♣

HOTTER CHOCOLATE

This month **Dean Isherwood** looks at hard-loving, mean mice from New York who eat chocolate. Honest...

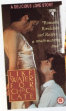
Like Water For Chocolate
Certificate: 15
Electric Pictures

Okay, it's subtitled and it's Spanish – but *Like Water For Chocolate* is really rather good.

Set in turn-of-the-century Mexico, this film tells the story of Tita, a woman who is prevented from marrying the man she loves because she must care for her ageing mother. Forced to endure further torment when her beau decides to marry her sister instead, she finds expression for her fury and passion by casting a few culinary spells.

A bizarre idea, obviously; but if you like quirky, foreign films then this is right up your street.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓



OF MICE AND MEN

Of Mice And Men
Certificate: PG
MGM Home Video

This film comes from a classic novel, which probably means you had to trudge through it at school – and hated it, no doubt. The film is much better, believe me...

The story is about two labourers travelling through California in the 1930s. Lennie (played by John Malkovich) is feeble-minded and sweet, but unable to control his biceps. He depends on the guidance of his companion George, who does his best to keep Lennie out of trouble.

All seems to be going well until they find work on a ranch and encounter trouble in the shape of the boss's son, Curley – and Lennie finds himself the object of desire of his beautiful wife (Sherilyn Fenn).

Malkovich as the simple-minded Lennie sparkles, and even Sherilyn Fenn does a good job. Adaptations on this scale rarely work (i.e. *Bonfire Of The Vanities*), but this film proves that it can be done.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

JANE MARCH TONY LEUNG
the LOVER
18

The Lover
Certificate: 18
Polygram Video

Set in Indochina in the 1920s, a 15-year-old schoolgirl (Jane March) and a wealthy Chinese man (Tony Leung) find themselves embroiled in a torrid love affair.

Remembered for its steamy sex scenes, the direction is nonetheless very tasteful. Jane March proves she can act, while Tony Leung is probably just glad to be in the film – who wouldn't want to do sex scenes with Jane March?

Recent attempts by Hollywood to make this type of film have failed dismally and have merely strengthened the reputation that *The Lover* has gained

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

VIDEO OF THE MONTH
Mean Streets
Certificate: 18
Electric Pictures

This groundbreaking, seminal 1973 movie has been regularly cited as the inspiration of such films as *Reservoir Dogs* and *Bad Lieutenant*. Indeed, at one point it seemed almost impossible to read any review of a blood-and-guts movie without comparisons to this Scorsese feature.

In retrospect, *Mean Streets* couldn't really fail. Boasting excellent performances from Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel, this tale of life on the wrong side of the tracks in 1970s New York positively bristles with excitement.

ROBERT DE NIRO HARVEY KEITEL
MARTIN SCORSESE'S Mean Streets
18
"A TORNADO OF A FILM... WILL LEAVE YOU BREATHLESS"

The action centres around Tony's Bar, which four, young men use as their base. Keitel plays Charlie, a small-time hood whose feeling of responsibility for his girlfriend's cousin Johnny Boy (De Niro) leads him to intervene in a dangerous argument over debts.

The influence of this film on recent releases is evident, although latter-day copies never really come close. Scorsese's direction gives the film a gritty edge that is laced with black humour, while De Niro's performance as the deranged Johnny Boy is the perfect foil to Keitel's reserved and thoughtful, Charlie.

A near classic, get your hands on a copy of this video and see for yourself what all the fuss is about.

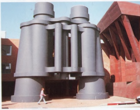
Rating: ✓✓✓✓✓ ♣

RATINGS
unmissable, a classic ✓✓✓✓✓✓
definitely worth watching ✓✓✓✓✓
fairly good ✓✓✓✓
average ✓✓✓
yawn, fast forward ✓✓
appalling ✓

GOGGLE-EYED

Some say it's a sight for sore eyes, others that it's an eyesore of a site. This bizarre binocular-shaped building, built of bricks, basalt blocks and... err...something else beginning with B, is concrete evidence that i California their offices are like their oranges, decidedly lacking in taste.

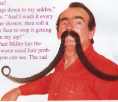
This far-out fiasco of a field-glass folly is in fact the



CAT WEASEL

Wow! Has Paul Miller got a big one!

"It hangs down to my ankles," he boasts. "And I wash it every day in the shower, then roll it up to my face to stop it getting caught in my zip!"



Yes, Paul Miller has the world's worst nasal hair problem, as you can see. The sad sod from San Diego's nostril thatch is so thick that it sticks out of his snitch by some eight feet. When we rang to ask Paul why he didn't buy one of those bogey-barnet strimmers made by Victor Kiam, he got well snotty.

"Hey asshole, that's not hooter hair, it's my moustache," protested. "It's the world's longest. I'm in the Guinness Bo Of Records and everything."

Paul may bear more than a passing resemblance to Zebedee – but it's his wife who is always saying, "Time for bed!" She is a face fungus fanatic and fancies him rotten! Which just goes to show that eight out of ten prats prefer whiskers... ♣

HQ for an advertising agency – an industry where looking ahead is everything. But residents say the company was somewhat short-sighted in putting such a twin-lensed towerblock in the centre of town and should see their way clear to rebuilding it. Will the advertisers bow to commercial pressure? Or will the designers distance the views of the man in the street and raise a pair of glasses to celebrate the world's wackiest workplace? And, most importantly, do you actually give a sod? Thought not... ♣

SURF'S PUP!

Contrary to the impression given by *Baywatch*, you meet some right dogs on the beach in California. Real bow-wows! This is Palm Bitch, California, the first dog-only resort. Here pampered pooches are free to lick their balls and crap on the sand as much as they like. (It's simply *the* resort for hot dogs from all over the United States).

There's a strict dress-code on the beach (all mutts must wear a collar and tag), but these creature's hounded hang-dog expressions say it all. There are no trees or fire hydrants on the beach, and the only bitches around are their over-priced owners. So instead of shagging oodles of poodles, our hairy heroes practice their skills on the surfboard whilst howling in harmony to Beach Boys' songs – and if anyone complains, they send them away with a flea in their ear. ♣

BIT OF FLUFF

If you thought all rabbits were cuddly little creatures with floppy ears and twitching noses, then say hello to your worst nightmare. **Buck Tooth** gives you a taste of Bastard Bunny...

'The sickest, most violent, most hedonistic and bloody funny cartoon character in Britain.' So one writer described Bastard Bunny. "Too bloody right," smiles Bastard. "Who wants to type up an interview with broken fingers?"

Yes, cult comic hero Bastard Bunny isn't exactly known for his compromising good nature when it comes to run-ins with humans. So we start this piece somewhat cautiously with a bit of background. Bastard Bunny is six-foot tall, wears giant Doc Marten boots and sports a trendy skinhead haircut. He lives in a squat in Walthamstow with his stunning girlfriend Selina (a glamour model for the cuddly toy trade), Rod the Rastafarian Rat and Toot Toucan. He appears quarterly in his own comic and has a strip in the *NME* music paper and *Deadline* magazine.

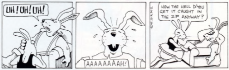
So what makes this toothy vermin tick? "There's only one thing I'm interested in right now and it's not carrots. Hrrrr!" said Bastard, getting familiar with *Club* girl Clare. We acknowledge the point and send out for ten pints of lager on the *Club* hospitality tab. Apparently it takes a lot to quench a rabbit's thirst.

People have been spotted in clubs up and down the country sweating their stuff in Bastard Bunny tee-shirts and hats. Is Bastard himself still into clubbing? "Definitely," he nods, ripping open another tinny. "The buzz is still unbelievable. S'worth every penny just to see the look on their faces when they spot a giant rabbit staring at them from the other side of the dancefloor. I'm sure they think there's some funny drugs going around. One or two have even pissed their pants. I love to get a reaction."

What music is he into? "Punk, even though I hate this revival shit around at the moment. I still remember jumping up and down on some guinea pig's head to *White Rabbit* at the Hammersmith Palais. No one'll ever match that."

Final question and we get a bit more daring. We ask is it true what they say about rabbits then? "Say about rabbits, wot?" Are the stories true that rabbits do it, like, all the time? Bastard reaches into his trousers... "Course it is. I'll show you." From his trousers he pulls a packet of Marlboros and lights up. "Been on sixty a day ever since I escaped from the lab."

You can get the latest Bastard Bunny comic from DAJJ Publications, PO Box 2661, London N1 1XY, priced at £1.50. Bastard Bunny lop-top hats (complete with ears!) are available at the same address (£15 each). ♣


UH! UH! UH!
AAAAAAAAH!
HOW THE HELL D'YOU GET IT CAUGHT IN THE ZIP ANYWAY?

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by
Jack Harrison

Hi there, guys, look what I'm saddled with this month! Though I may not be the horsey sort, I've been fancied by many a punter, and I'm pretty good at jumping. Yes, I'm definitely a firm favourite with Club readers!

Now come on, guys, it was odds on I'd put lots of horse laughs into my column when I got to dress as an equestrian. But to be serious, I've always found this gear a bit of a turn-on. The way those jodhpurs rub up between my crotch as the horse pounds my aching pussy – and those gleaming black boots! Wouldn't you like me to wear those in bed when you give me a ride?

After the session I was so hot I just had to go for a lie down with the gear on and slowly rub my pussy through the fabric. Soon my snatch was sizzling and I came with such force, it practically filled the boots! I even had to dry my breeches on the radiator!

Yes, being turned on by tight jodhpurs is definitely one of my four faults. If I'm wearing these, you'll never have a refusal. Sorry, guys! I don't know what's come over me – apart from my pussy, that is! Don't you find you get silly when you're really turned on? I do – and I hope you're feeling as silly as I am and we can both dream about some serious sex!

Lucy x

If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.

Caldene
Caldene

LETTERS TO Lucy

Dear Lucy,
When I'm at sea I take Club with me to help keep my imagination ticking over. You certainly help with my fantasies. I'm always thinking about how sweet you'd look dressed in rubber or shiny PVC with my tongue licking your sensitive clit. Please keep it up for Club, you're keeping at least one sailor very happy. – *Charlie, Royal Navy*
Did I tell you that I fantasise about sailors, Charlie? It's true! I love those uniforms, so how about thinking about this till your next shore leave? You come off ship in your seamen's uniform and I come to meet you in my skintight rubber vest dress. It has a nice deep cleavage to show off my boobs and is so tight that wearing panties would spoil the deep gloss of the skirt. So, as soon as we get to the seaside hotel I've booked for our rubbery weekend (I have a whole shining wardrobe to show you, darling!) I lie you down on the bed and sit right on your face. The rubber has made my pussy very wet and it's your first job to lick it completely clean before parting my lips and tonguing my clit! This could go on for hours. Are you up to it? – Lucy

Dear Lucy,
There is something inexplicably tantalising about a sexy woman in spectacles. I imagine you with glasses reclining on a bed with your soft autumn-brown hair loose over your shoulders, poring over a steamy novel, an evening away from the stuffy daytime reading you have to endure as a teacher.

You are still dressed from work wearing a very proper white blouse, two buttons undone, and very improper black stockings tightly hugging your long, smooth legs. Unconsciously you finger your crotch and sit up. As your excitement grows at the lewd drama unfolding on the page and in your thoughts, your avid attention begins to weaken. The real warmth and moisture spreading between your thighs is suddenly more

exciting than the fantasy...

You put the book on one side and loosen your blouse letting the cool air breeze over your breasts. The coolness is only temporary. You reach inside and squeeze your right breast. You lift your chin, closing your eyes and relishing the delicious feeling. The blouse slips off your shoulders revealing your beautiful cleavage cupped in a black lace bra.

Your spectacles slide down your nose a little as you look down at your hand squeezing and rubbing your boob. The movements become more frantic. Your breathing quickens. Your red lips part. You are completely immersed in your fantasy, fired by the wondrous feel of your own body. You slide a strap from your shoulder and glide your fingers over your perfect breast. You rub the nipple while your other hand reaches inside your knickers and a finger dips into the delicious liquid heat. You are climaxing. You look down at yourself all the while, then lie down again, feeling the coolness of the sheets on your back. You're hot, pouring with sweat, but your smile is angelic. You open your eyes and reach for the book in anticipation of the next fantasy. – Simon, Leeds *Phwooaarr! If you're writing the book Simon, then it would definitely have me climaxing. It would make me blind enough to need glasses as well, if all those old wives tales are true! – Lucy*

Dear Lucy,

I've just had an idea. I want to start a Bra Club for fans of girls in brassieres, and you can be an honorary member. I'd do a newsletter every month with a free bra for members. I'd love you to wank me off on your bra. What do you think of the idea? *– Chris, Glasgow* *I haven't got that many bras to give away, but the idea of a club sounds great. If you want me to come and give a talk (though not necessarily in that order!) about bras I've known from my first training bra (32A) to my current range of lacy ones, let me know! –* **Lucy** ♣

ELASTICA? KNICKERS!

The bitterest man in the music biz, **James T Bone**, lets rip at unsuspecting new bands, Bobby's primal scream and soap stars who can't sing...

Last month saw new indie hopefuls **Elastica** on the front cover of virtually all the music magazines, complete with fawning prose inside (rather confusingly) declaring them to be 'The New Wave Of The New Wave'. The hacks down at *NME* and *Melody Maker* have obviously seen their wank fantasy of three attractive girl musicians playing in one band springing to life before their very eyes and have gone into rhetorical overdrive.

Already awarded the title of Best New Band at the 'dangerous' *NME*-sponsored Brat Awards – which proved itself to be as smug and self-congratulatory as its supposed rival, The Brit Awards – Elastica look set to receive numerous other accolades from a sycophantic music press. But what exactly have the London-based band released to receive such high praise? One seven-inch single, *Stutter*, that came out on an independent label in a limited edition of just 1000 copies, that's what. For some reason the word 'elitist' suddenly springs to mind...

Primal Scream: Calling Houston!

Elastica: Too big for their own knickers?

● Are top indie fops **Suede** getting too big for their boots? Simon Witter from *Sky* magazine certainly seems to think so... He was given an exclusive preview of their new single, *Stay Together*; the eight-minute guitar anthem that crashed into the Top 20 last month – but not before he was subjected to a full body search and a bag inspection to check for concealed tape recorders.

Mr Witter was the man who, when in LA, the world capital of music control-freakism, was played U2's *Desire*, the follow-up single to their 15million selling *Joshua Tree* album, without anyone thinking twice about it. What irked him so much was the fact he didn't know anyone who actually *cared* what the next Suede single sounded like, never mind that they'd pay for a tape of it recorded through a leather bag.

My own advice to anyone desperate to hear new Suede material would be to get their arse down to Back Street Rehearsal Studios in Holloway Road, North London any afternoon between 2 and 6pm this month where the Fab Four will be rehearsing for their forthcoming tour. And tell 'em *Club International* sent you!

● We all know that today's rock stars are prone to making wild protestations about their own talents, but I've a feeling that **Primal Scream** singer, Bobby Gillespie, is talking through a very large hole in his bottom.

"I'm a better singer than Whitney Houston," he recently declared triumphantly. Judge for yourself when the Scots rockers release their new LP, Primal Scream – *Know What I Mean* later on this month.

● Fans of Aussie soaps are in for a treat this month with the news of two record releases from Down Under. **Gillian** and **Gayle Blakeney**, the tempting twins from *Neighbours*, are to release their next single, *I Want To Be Your Lover*, while the recently betrothed **Dannii Minogue** continues her less-than-meteoric rise to chart fame with a guaranteed Top 100 hit with *Get Into You*. Antipodean-tastic, mate!

Traci Lords: Songs from the sex siren...

Lysette Anthony: Life with Bryan

- Former blue-movie star, **Traci Lords**, is to release her debut album after impressing record company bosses with her backing vocals on the Manic Street Preachers' single, *Little Baby Nothing*. Jesus Jones' frontman, Mike Edwards, has been given the dubious honour of writing the songs and the album should see the light of day early next year.

Dannii Minogue: Top Of The Paps?

- Ex-British soap star **Lysette Anthony** may now be living in Los Angeles, starring in Woody Allen flicks and stripping off for *Playboy*, but if you want to catch one of her earliest screen appearances, then get *So Far So Good – The Video Collection* by **Bryan Adams**. The lovely Lysette can be seen running through dry ice and pouting heavily at the badly-dressed Canadian with the pock-marked face on *Run To You*. Oscar-winning stuff, indeed...

- Finally, spare a thought for grandad **Larry Mullen** who is fed up with his phone ringing at all hours of the night from U2 fans asking to speak to the band's wild and crazy drummer.

Dubliner Larry, 59, shares the same name as the band's drummer. "I get hundreds of calls from all over the world asking for a chat with the drummer of U2," moaned Larry. "I wouldn't really mind, but if U2 were playing in my back garden I wouldn't even bother to watch them. I prefer opera myself." We know the feeling, Larry... ♣

Photographs by Denys DeFrancesco

sam

Hip hop hooray! Let's have a warm hand for sexy Sam, our raunchy rap fan straight outta, err... Liverpool. After spending her teenage years in Laura Ashley dresses, the 20-year-old got turned onto the hard beats and tough tunes of House of Pain and Cypress Hill whilst at her local college.

"There's just something about that bad boy's music that makes

me feel horny," explains our saucy Scouser. "All that shouting and jumping around with the crowd — it's all very sexual. Sometimes I can even feel myself getting moist as I listen to the music," she giggles. "And when the song reaches its climax I'm usually right behind. I reckon it's the nearest you can get to making love without actually taking your clothes off!" ♣

THE WORD ON WOMEN

Our in-vest investigative team's guide to political incorrectness presents an invaluable lexicon of words for women, and where and when to use them

FOOD STUFF

TARTS

What they are: Big-boobed women in short skirts, high heels and Wonderbras wearing enough make-up to repaint your house (just so long as you want it red or black).
Real names: Shaz, Kaz, Tracy.

Favourite fabrics: Lycra, PVC, rubber.
Where to find them: Discotheques, theme pubs.
What they call you: Darlin', babe.
Sort of bloke they fancy: Big bastards who beat you up if they catch you looking at them.

CRUMPET

What they are: A girl that's gone off a bit, or a bit too clever by half and still insists on wearing flirty clothing.
Real names: Carol Vorderman.
Favourite fabrics: Smart two-piece business suits.
Where to find them: On trains, in offices, in cheap wine bars by the tube station.
What they call you: Creep, wanker, sad bastard... unless you're a businessman, that is, in which case it's sweetie or luvvie.
Sort of bloke they fancy: New Man, their bosses, Kevin Costner.

CRACKLING (A nice bit of...)

Aka: Nice bit of stuff.
What they are: Young girls in 60s clothing, e.g. mini-skirts, short red PVC macs.
Real names: Millie, Polly, Cindy, Penny.
Favourite fabrics: Bri-nylon, Crimplene, Rayon, crushed velvet.
Where to find them: In terrible British comedy films 'cos the only people who ever use this term are in a permanent time-warp.
What they call you: Groovy guy, man, baby.
Sort of bloke they fancy: Dirk Bogarde in a red MG Midget.

ANATOMICAL

FANNY, PUSSY AND SNATCH

What they are: Similar to tarts, but even more stupid are the men who call them that.
Real names: Slag features, yo-yo knickers.
Favourite fabric: None.
Where to find them: Usually in bed.
What they call you: Oy, wanker!
Sort of bloke they fancy: Men stupid enough to call them fanny, pussy, yo-yo knickers... usually bankers or estate agents.

MOCK AMERICAN

BROADS, DOLLS AND DAMES

What they are: Streetwise women with loud Brooklyn accents who don't mind being smacked in the face with a ripe grapefruit now and again.
Real names: Tallulah, Moll, Candy.
Favourite fabric: Skintight black satin.
Where to find them: Speakeasies, crummy joints, your local McDonalds and low dives.
What they call you: Honey.
Sort of bloke they fancy: James Cagney, Edward G Robinson, Humphrey Bogart.

CREATURES

BIRDS, CHICKS AND HENS

What they are: Any group of men without a bloke and game to be pulled. Birds can be found anywhere in the country; chicks principally in Birmingham and hens in Newcastle.
Real names: Debbie, Emma.
Favourite fabric: Polyester.
Where to find them: Hen parties, cheap restaurants, pubs that serve food.
What they call you: Mate, bab (Birmingham) and marra (Newcastle).
Sort of bloke they fancy: Mel Gibson.

MISCELLANEOUS

TOTTY, SKIRT AND TALENT

What they are: More recent version of crumpet. Seldom in groups of less than three, but more naughty than birds and chicks.
Real names: Absolutely anything.
Favourite fabric: Anything clingy that shows off their figure.
Where to find them: Loud theme pubs and nightclubs where couples snog openly and the blokes fight each other on a regular basis.
What they call you: Hunk, gorgeous, handsome, brute, big-boy.
Sort of blokes they fancy: Anyone prepared to give them a good time.

BABES

What they are: Beautiful girls with stunning figures -

DEAR GAIL,

When I saw the wonderfully sexy pictures of you lying around in the sun in the latest issue of *Club* (Vol 23 No 1), I felt my cock harden and my balls started to tingle. My mind started racing immediately and I was moved to write in and tell you of my naughty fantasy...

It's quite simple, really – I'd like to seduce you right there on the beach, just like the one in your photographs. It's a hot, sunny day and you've decided to cool down by taking a dip in the cool water. I watch as you walk out of the sea, gazing at the way your swimming costume clings to every curve of your body. You lie down beside me, then I gently rub suntan oil all over your lithe body.

My eager fingers slide under the band of your costume and I pull it down over your legs, leaving you completely naked. I rub the liquid over your breasts and you begin to moan loudly.

My cock is rock hard and I sit astride you, sliding my prick between your boobs and, massaging them against my shaft, I start to thrust upwards. You clamp your

IN AND OUT

Your cool guide to this month's Venables and Taylors...

IN	OUT
Sim City 2000	Cosmic Spacehead
Twist snowboard gear	Stussy
Vans '86s	Old school trainers
Bunfire	Quicksilver
Airwalk 1's	Studless footy boots
Slacks	Baggy jeans
Going in two footed	Shitting out of tackles
Lisa Lisa	Brookside's Beth
Pervert hats	Beanies
Jewellery	Cheap schmutter
Boss socks	White sports socks
Rimming	Stockings andoranges
Meadowbank Thistle	Tottenham Hotspur ♣

n: Lisa Lisa

Out: Brooky's Beth

tits around my cock as I thrust faster. The sensation is incredible and I can't hold back for long. With a loud groan I shoot my load over your tits, and you take great glee in rubbing the thick liquid into your soft skin.

After that, who knows what happens? I'll bet you've got a few ideas, Gail! – James, Brighton

You can bet on that, James! Of course, after you've shot your load all over my tits – I'll be ready for anything...

I'd lay you down on the sand, your dick sticking up like a purple flagpole, then I'd squat down hard on your length. I'd bounce up and down until you shoot another load of spunk up into my pussy, filling me to the brim!

Mmm, the very thought has me reaching for my suntan lotion, James! – Gail ♣

often American – as seen on *Baywatch* and *Beverley Hills 90210*. Also attractive pop stars. In fact, anybody incredibly beautiful.

Real names: Cindy, Claudia, Charlotte, Sherilyn. And occasionally Sharon...

Favourite fabrics: As little as possible, e.g. swimsuits and bikinis.

Where to find them: Hollywood, Beverley Hills, Paris, Milan, overpriced London restaurants and incredibly trendy nightclubs. Not Stringfellows.

What they call you: They never call you, that's the problem.

Sort of bloke they fancy: Incredibly successful and rich film stars, other rock stars, sports personalities and wealthy businessmen (i.e. not you or me). ♣

clare

Photographs by Geoff Howes

If the thought of going to the dentist reduces you to a quivering wreck, then comfort comes in the delightful shape of Clare from Stoke, who made her first appearance in Club last year. The 20-year-old dental receptionist has her own very special way of calming nervous patients... "I tell them that if they're good boys, then

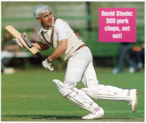
they'll get a big kiss from me when they're finished," she giggles naughtily. And does she? "Of course I do," she tells us. "But their lips are usually so numb, they can't feel a thing – although some of them make up for it with their hands!" ♣

DOLCE&GABBANA
DOLCE&GABBANA

GET YOUR SKATES ON

Taffeta shirts, skintight purple trousers and gelled quiffs – Sounds like ice skaters have been taking fashion tips from sports scribe, **Maurice Short**...

Well, blow me *(As Gillian Taylforth's boyfriend wouldn't say – The Ed)* if Ice Dance hasn't suddenly got rather exciting. First of all there were the revelations about the Stasi recording Katarina Witt's spring-squeaking sessions, and now there's the Nancy Kerrigan knee-knobbling saga. Who would have thought it? A while ago the 'sport' was still stuck in a twee-sequinned-rut – a world inhabited by thick-thighed girls wearing make-up so thick they probably have to crack it off with a hammer and pert-bottomed boys in crimpelene and mascara. In fact, just the sort of world where Miss Piggy and Kermit would be hailed as a glamorous couple and where a duet by Donny and Marie was thought to be the last word in romance. Now, suddenly, the whole thing's beginning to look more like a Brian De Palma movie (although to be fair, no transvestite psychopath has yet emerged – I'd keep an eye on Alan Weekes if I were you...).



David Steele: 300 pork chops, not out!

The scandal of Nancy's kneecap began at the US Skating Championships back in January. Kerrigan, a slender dark-haired beauty in the big-nostrilled Ali McGraw mould, was widely tipped to win the contest and go on to take the Gold medal at the forthcoming Winter Olympics in Lillehammer. Someone had other ideas, though. Shortly before the competition began, Kerrigan was whacked on the leg by a mystery assailant as she left a practice session. The injury she sustained put her out of the US Championships. At first the attack was believed to be the work of one of the deranged stalkers who seem to have appeared in recent years and who have taken it upon themselves to introduce their own rather basic system of handicapping.

However, a few weeks later, a tip-off led to police arresting the bodyguard of a rival skater, Tonya Harding. It was Ms Harding who went on to win the US title in Kerrigan's absence. The bodyguard, a man named Eckardt, who's so hefty he makes Mick Quinn look like Mandy Smith, claimed he had helped set up the hit on the instruction of Jeff Gillooly, Tonya Harding's ex-husband. Soon, lawsuits and counter-suits were flying around like confetti at an Argentinean Cup Final.

The motive, it was said, was money. The lovely Kerrigan was signing as many endorsement contracts and film deals as she was autographs. Harding, meanwhile, had been served an eviction order for non-payment of rent on her apartment. There is plenty of cash out there for top skaters and Harding wanted some of it herself, so the allegations go...

Whatever the outcome of the case, it's hard to conceive of such a thing happening in Britain. Imagine Joanne Conway assaulting Jane Torvill... okay, you can stop now! As Don King, the eccentric boxing promoter is fond of saying: "Only in America."

Nancy Kerrigan: Having a good knees-up in Lillehammer?

Tonya Harding: Best bar none?

- If Tonya Harding is found to have been involved, it will be interesting to see what sort of punishment is dished out to her by the US Figure Skating Association. Whatever it is, it's unlikely to be as harsh as that which the Scottish Football Association imposed on Rangers coach, John McGregor. McGregor said something to a linesman during a recent match and as a result has been banned from the touch line until the year 2000. What could he possibly have said that warranted a six-year ban? Answers, in a sealed brown envelope, to the usual address.

- Scottish football suffered another cruel blow last month with the news that Justin Fashanu, Heart Of Midlothian's star striker is to hang up his boots for the Edinburgh club. His resignation comes days after he tried unsuccessfully to sell a fictitious story about a gay love triangle involving himself and two prominent MPs to the tabloids for £300,000. However, things turned sour when MP Stephen Milligan died in 'unusual' circumstances, and two Met officers flew up North to interview the footballer.

"I saw a chance to make some easy money," he offered by way of explanation for his actions. What he presumably forgot to remember was that Wallace Mercer, Heart's chairman, is a true-blue Tory and didn't take too kindly to Justin running down the beleaguered ruling party and angrily demanded his resignation.

ROY OF THE ROVERS
MONTHLY
ONE-NIL!
Rocky breaks his duck!
FREE!

- Any football fan looking to annoy his mates would be well-advised to purchase a copy of The Non-League Club Directory 1994. This hefty little book, roughly the shape of Gareth Chilcott and weighing more than Alan Shearer's wage packet, is packed full of enough trivial facts to keep any member of the anc brigade ecstasy for months. One glance at its pages and you're mesmerised. You emerge hours later blath on about the Broadmoor Staff XI (Champions of Chiltonian League), Battersea Ironsides, Spa Downend, British Sugar Fonnereau, Bugle & We Allotment Celtic; along the goings-on at Drippin Pan, The Isle Of Thorns Jockey Farm. Soon the of you coming in throug door of your local will s the whole pub rushing i the gents. Get The Non-League Club Directory and I guarantee you'll n have to buy another rou your life.

- And speaking of fasc ing facts: did you know the nickname of the nati team of West African Guineau is 'Silly Nation

Roy of the Rovers & Kerry Dixon: Just good friends...

Surely there's a job going there for Graham Taylor...

● A few months ago, I mentioned the dreaded 'Curse Of Nike' which has been having a disastrous effect on anyone who signs up for the trendy training-shoe manufacturer. Sadly, I have been informed of another victim of this terrible phenomenon. Apparently, Melchester Rovers signed a deal with Nike back in 1986. The result? Two years ago Melchester's player-manager, Roy 'Roy Of The Rovers' Race, lost his foot in a helicopter crash. Talk about life imitating art.

● A number of sportsmen have signed up for unusual sponsorship deals. Back in the 1970s England cricketer David Steele, for instance, was given a pork chop for every test run he scored in the series against Australia. He ended up with 300 and had to invest in a freezer. South Essex Health Authority are obviously keen to carry on this tradition. They presented Southend United full-back, Chris Powell, with an unusual Man-Of-The-Match award – a pack of coloured, flavoured condoms. "It was the climax of our World Aids Day Campaign," said spokeswoman Ann Boardman. Climax being the operative word, obviously. The lucky player is said to be looking forward to getting his Southend away. ♣

Chris Powell: Pulled off at half-time?

julia

Photographs by Michael Moore

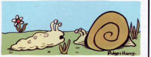
Ice-cool blondes who are red-hot in bed are not that common in Coventry – or anywhere else for that matter – but sensuous Sam is exactly that. So why is this her first appearance in Club? "I was too busy having sex!" she said frankly. "It never occurred to me that I could turn on even more men this way! No, I'm not a nymphomaniac. To me, constantly thinking about sex is perfectly normal. Trying

not to show it is much harder, but panting and playing with your breasts when a good-looking client comes in isn't done when you're an accountant! I stay cool on top whilst my pussy boils away like a cauldron! You would never know — unless you had your hand down my knickers! Oooh, what a nice thought..." ♣

in the bag

continued from page 5

her firm bum, I quickly jumped over the fence and followed her to the kitchen.


Pidge+Harry.

"I come from a broken home..."

I stood at the kitchen door and when Sasha bent over and reached into the fridge, and I saw the way her pants rode up her bum, I walked in and shut the door behind me. "I've been watching you," she purred sexily, turning around to face me and fixing me with a lusty stare. Then she poured herself a glass of wine and casually dipped her fore-finger into the glass and drew it to her lips. She smiled as she sucked her finger, then drew it down across the top of her cleavage and traced a line down over her stomach. I could hardly believe my eyes. Then Sasha walked upstairs and commanded me to follow her. I was entranced as I watched the way her hips swayed sexily from side-to-side and it was all I could do to stop myself from reaching forward and touching her peachy cheeks. I don't think that I've ever felt as turned-on as I did with her gorgeous bum just inches away from me.

As we reached the top of the stairs and went into the bedroom, Sasha asked me to shut the door behind me. "We don't want to be disturbed, do we?" she giggled. She moved over to the far side of the bedroom, then unclasped her bikini top, letting her full breasts fall free. They looked even better in the flesh: darkly tanned mounds with rich pink nipples that were already erect and poking out. She held them in her hands invitingly, delicately caressing the smooth skin and I quickly moved towards her and started gently kissing the warm flesh.

continued on page 90

fashion

WOT YOUR SHOES SAY ABOUT YOU!

What people wear on their feet says a lot about them. So follow our simple footwear guide by **Stan-Bill Gaultier** and start jumping to conclusions about complete strangers...

Jesus sandals (1)
The sandal wearer is a pot-smoking juggler who said he bought these from a tribesman in Goa. Bollocks! He payed £50 for them in Dolcis. And that's not a tan – the smelly fucker has been dodging soap since Glastonbury. He probably has some drugs though, so ask him to tell you about the time he sunbathed naked in the Gaza strip, then smoke all his weed.

Shopping bags (2)
Favoured by Tory MPs, these handy polythene bags come in one size and can also be worn over the head. With an orange.

Old school trainers (3)
Worn by clubbers who'd rather spend their money on overpriced, second-hand footwear than beer. Use your sense and nick your dad's Dunlop squash pumps.

Caterpillars (4)
This person wants to make you think that he works on a building site. This is a lie. He's an I-D reader who works for a PR company and is stupid enough to fork out £120 for a pair of boots that were selling in Millets for half the price two years ago.

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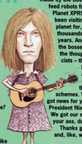
THE LEMONHEADS' BELIEVE IT OR, LIKE, NOT, SLOT

Leading Lemonhead, **Evan Dando**, pulls open his draws once again and reveals his favourite facts – the strange, the sinister and the frankly disturbing...



Ever noticed that kinda glass-fronted box in the corner of your Mom and Dad's sitting-room? Well, that box-thing is called a television and it's like really amazing, right? Because if you turn the knob then – dig this peoples! – little guys appear in the box! Jeez! But you wanna know the double way-out thing? One time I, like, turned the knob and the little guys appeared and – wow! – one of those little looked just like me and he was singing our latest single, *Big Grey Fart*! Explain that, Mr Scientist dude!

Did I freak, or, like, what?! Like this TV is probably some really ancient device that's in tune with our thought-waves. Man, I just can't get my head 'round it!

Hey, what about brillo pads, huh? My friends from The Orb got something to say on this subject. It's all yours, guys: "Visitors from outer space, okay? Do they exist? The government and CIA fascist mind-police don't want us to think so, do they? They're covering up the evidence, man. I bet they're hiding all the crashed UFO's away in a shoebox under Mr Clinton's bed. It's true! Don't you believe me? Then how do you explain these brillo pad things, huh? They're like shredded wheat, only they're made outta steel! Who's gonna pour milk on them and have 'em for breakfast, eh, dude? Some kid with metal teeth? Get real. Those brillo pads are being made by the bosses to feed robots from Planet XPRSL who've been visiting our planet for, like, thousands of years. And they – the bosses and the thought-fascists – think the kids aren't wise to their schemes. Well, we got news for you, Mr President Nixon, man. We got our eyes on your ass, dude!" Thanks guys, and, like, wow!

A lot of people think frocks are, like, amphibious creatures. They're not! What you're thinking of, is clogs, man. Which are pond animals that have kids called tampons that, like, float around in the water. Geddit?

Frocks, though, are amazing. They're just like trousers only with one great massive leg instead of two small ones. But dig this – guys are scared to put them on! Which just goes to show how outta touch with their feminine sides they are.

Apparently, though, in Scotland, England (which is part of London, right?) the guys wear frocks all the time! Only they call them klits! Far out, Scotch guys! So I can't wait till next week when we play Glasgow. I'm just gonna hug every guy I meet and tell him I love him. Which I just know they'll really appreciate.

Evan is back next month with more incredible facts, a broken nose and two black eyes... ♣

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12

Slip-ons (7)
This bloke works in office and is called Joss or Jasper. His friends call him 'Mad Dog', but his taste in shoes is just like him – fucking dull.

Stilettos (8)
We're talking a real mega-babe. She's always up for it — so get in there!

Kinky boots (9)
Bingo! If you see a girl with these things on, send her round to me – pronto!

Deck shoes (11)
Favoured by meek girls in Laura Ashley dresses who think they're being trendy. These things went down with the Titanic – which is more than she'll ever do!

Knee boots (12)
Worn by girls with balls, one hand out of place and you'll get a kick in the nuts with a size 9. Ouch... ♣

Platforms (5 & 10)
She's the girl who dances alone all night long whilst giving you the eye. She likes to give the impression of being young, free and single. Sadly, she never is. *(10) He's Julian Clary!*

Wellies (6)
She's called Jemima and has a horse called Topsy. Very straight-laced, her idea of kinky is leaving the boots *on* when you shag.

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interview

STAR SPOT

Mad, bad and dangerous to know, cult comic **Keith Allen** charts his decline from borstal to the Beeb...

In the greasy world of showbiz slaggery, Keith Allen is not exactly the sort of man to have golfing chums. He's said to be 'difficult' and a bit of a party boy who's rarely out of the gossip pages. Best known for his work with the Comic Strip in classy comedies like *The Strike*, *The Crying Game* and his nemesis, *The Yob*, Allen was also responsible for *World In Motion*, the England/New Order Italia '90 classic. Now he's attempting to carve a career as a film director, but bollocks to all that – let's hear about the man himself.

He was born in September 1953 in Llanelli in Wales. Some would find being born Welsh a problem, but not Keith.

His problem was September, September made him naughty. "Because of the way the school year was structured, I was always the oldest in my year. I think they expected me to be intelligent. I reacted to that and went the other way. My father was in the Navy and my earlier education had been in places like Malta and Singapore. Then in 1964 I ended up in one of the country's first comprehensive schools."

Keith surprised everyone when he won a Navy scholarship to Brentwood public school. Brentwood was home to such talented pupils as author, Douglas Adams, and TV's Noel Edmonds. "I was a fish out of water, there was real money there. My parents didn't have any money and I used to run up huge sports bills with the school shop just so that my kit was as good as everyone else's. After two years I got expelled for leading the other boys astray. I then had to go back to the comprehensive I'd just left. It was terrible – I'd picked up public school mannerisms and speech. They put me in the dickheads' class with all the naughty boys. I went the other way again. I had to be the worst." Keith was expelled from school again.

"Ninety percent of my contemporaries are cunts..."

He then tried to forge a less-than-spectacular career as a petty criminal... and was rewarded for his efforts by a stay in borstal. After public school, it was a piece of piss. "I had the most fabulous time at borstal. I mean the detention centre was terrible, they divide and rule, but borstal was fabulous. I got six 'O' levels and played football a lot – it was great! Borstals were born out of old national service camps. I don't want to read too much into it, but I think it's no accident that all of the post-War comic genuises came out of National Service. It was all guys together doing something that was foisted upon them. There was humour there. National Service was one big fucking joke. I think they should bring it back."

Keith then missed his chance of an 'A' level after turning up late for the exam... by a whole week. It was then that he had the idea of going into acting. "I went to drama college because I thought it would be a laugh and there'd be loads of women. I spent most of the time pissing life up against the wall." True to form, he was expelled yet again.

"I came to London and that's where the fun really started." It was the late 70s and punk rock was blossoming. "I put on one of the first punk gigs: The Clash, Subway Sect, Generation X and The Nips. That was the night Shane McGowan got his ear ripped off!"

Throughout the 80s, Keith did his upmost to roar 'bollocks' at the decade. In 1985 he had a brief visit to prison when he smashed up the Zanzibar club after being refused service. Later he stumbled on completely drunk on the late-night chat show *After Dark* wearing an 'I Love Cocaine' tee-shirt. He slurred an incomprehensible speech that would have rightly denounced the world's charlatans, if only it hadn't come out backwards and with a mouthful of phlegm.

"I squirmed a bit, but I'm glad I did that. The fact was that I was very pissed, so what? I'm not embarrassed. If everyone was filmed when they were pissed and were played the tape back, there'd be a lot of 'Oh fuck's!' around."

Although mythology might have it otherwise, the alternative comedy movement broke few of the showbiz stereotypes. Years on, little has changed. "Look at my contemporaries. Ninety per cent of them are cunts. Out and out greedy prostitutes. The battle's still there. Years ago I used to deliberately fuck up the acts of people I didn't like. I'd sit offstage and shout out all their punchlines, that sort of thing. Now I'm more subtle. If I want to do anything about a situation, I'll put it in my work. I mean you can't just go around town drinking heavily, doing loads of charlie and calling everyone a cunt!"

Don't knock it, though. It's a class act. ♣

Photographs by Maria Clar

anna

Are you a new man? "Then sod off!" says 21-year-old Anna from Halifax. This Yorkie lass has no truck with wimps, she likes fucking and nowt else. "I can't be doing with fannying around chatting fellas up, " she says bluntly. "If you want a shag, then go for it!" Anna may be as politically correct as a whalemeat restaurant with mahogany tables and ivory cutlery but she doesn't

care. "I love every aspect of sex," she says, her fingers straying to her pussy at the thought. "The feel of a man's body, the smell, the taste of all his juices."

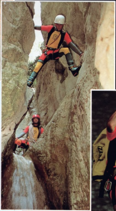
All his juices?

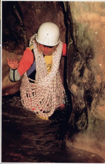
"Oooh yes, all..." she sighs,rolling onto her back.

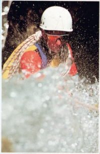
Err... we'd better be going, Anna! ♣

club
anna

WH



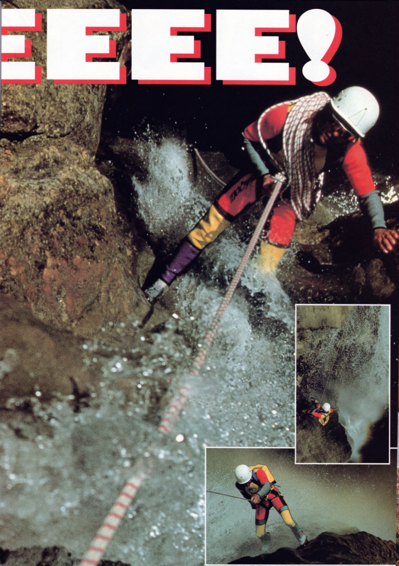




It seems to us that there are far too many people out there who just can't relax. Not for them a Saturday afternoon spent on their arses in the pub, sinking scoops of lager and watching soccer on the box. Oh no! These hyper–active heroes pass their spare time doing manly things like Canyoning, a new so–called sport which involves plunging down deep, water–drenched crevices wearing smelly rubber shorts.

Now we could go on to say something about how exhilirating and exciting this silly French sport is, and how you should run out and try it this weekend. But let's face it, the closest any of us is likely to get to Canyoning is if we get so drunk this Saturday we end up in bed with that fat bird who'll do anything from behind the bar at the local pub...♣

EEEE!



Lisa

Photographs by Geoff Howes

Oh! Last year's Girl of the Year looks like being the girl of this year as well! The 20-year-old from Tonbridge received such a standing ovation (from our waist down!) when she performed her strip of honour that we just had to invite her back

again! "It's a huge turn-on thinking of you all getting horny!" Lisa claimed. "I only wish I could do something about it but the Editor says there are 200,000 of you, and I only have a single bed!" ♣

talkin' blue

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

CAMPUS CLITORIS

From the first time I saw her at the Fresher's Ball, I knew that Kirsty would be unbelievable in bed. If I closed my eyes I could picture her pert breasts, imagine her burying her tongue in my pussy, working around my quim with an expertise way beyond her eighteen years. I didn't know if she had ever slept with a woman before; you couldn't tell by looking at her. But I knew that she was more than experienced with lads. We ended up spending an evening together on our third night at college, getting drunk on Pernod in the Uni bar and discussing our conquests.

Kirsty sounded like a right slut and I loved the thought of her with two dicks coming over her gorgeous face, getting fucked in the changing room of the local swimming pool, flashing her pussy at a complete stranger on a train – and those were just three of the stories she told me that night!

I told a few tales of my own, but I didn't have the nerve to open up about some of the lesbian sessions I had enjoyed. I was a mature student and I thought that might be taking things too fast.

"God, you sound like you've had some bloody good times Annabel," she giggled, obviously a bit tipsy, even though it was only half nine. "I'm getting horny at the thought of all this shagging." She casually moved her hand over her pussy and gave it a rub, which really excited me. "I'm going to find a bloke," she said, then added, "I'll be back in a few minutes." And off she went.

Within five minutes Kirsty was back, holding on to a good-looking lad. "Look, I've got my sex slave," she giggled, squeezing his rapidly stiffening dick, much to his embarrassment. "This is Rich, do you think he's man enough for me?" she asked. "I think you'd better come back and help me find out." I didn't need inviting twice and soon we were all back in Kirsty's room, a tiny place with nothing in it except for a bed, table and chair.

After pouring a large gin for each of us, Kirsty got down to business. "I want a show," she laughed. "Come on Rich, let's see that dick of yours. Is it big enough for two girls? I bet you can satisfy us!"

Rich was pretty bladdered, so it was probably Dutch courage that made him whip it out so quickly. But bloody hell, what a cock – thick and throbbing, with a glistening of pre-come on the end.

"That looks gorgeous," sighed Kirsty, fondling her boobs through her sweater. "I want it down my throat." She fell to her knees, licked her lips and took control of the whole length of Rich's

shaft. This girl was obviously well used to deep–throating. She moved her head back and forth, building up a rhythm that made Rich quiver and jerk with ecstasy.

Within seconds Rich shot his load straight down Kirsty's throat. She moaned, giving the game away, before a sliver of come seeped out of her mouth.

God, the sight of such a beautiful girl so obviously uninhibited about sex made my pussy gush with juices.

"Come on Annabel, let's see you naked," she laughed, pulling at her jeans and lifting her jumper over her head, revealing her fantastic tits and erect nipples.

"I want to watch you fucking Rich." Then as an afterthought she added; "You don't mind, do you?" I decided to take my courage in my hands.

"Only if you let me do something to you afterwards." I pulled my knickers down, lay back on the bed and held my pussy lips open as Rich slid in his tool. Kirsty hitched herself up onto the table, playing with her pussy and licking her lips while Rich thrust deeper into me, making my pussy contract and loosen in time with his rhythm. It didn't take long before his spunk was squirting deep inside me and I was moaning as an intense orgasm hit me.

Rich looked like all of his fantasies were coming true at once. As he pulled out of my hole Kirsty jumped down off the table and buried her head in my pussy, lapping at the juices like she would never stop. I was in heaven. This girl was eating me out as if she were born to it and the guy beside me was pulling at his dick, all our inhibitions now gone completely. I took Rich's cock in my mouth and began sucking and teasing its bell–end.

Spunk was squirting deep inside my love mound

My nipples were sticking out like organ stops and Kirsty fondled them expertly, running her cute fingers around the edges, making them swell with pleasure. I could hardly breathe and then I finally came long and hard, grinding my pelvis right into her mouth and releasing Rich's dick just long enough for him to come all over my tits!

That was just the first of what has turned out to be my many exploits with Kirsty over the last six months. Together we've had two boys at the same time and even another girl on one occasion, but I can never forget that first evening of sex. Whenever I think of it my pussy gets juiced up and I immediately have to lie back on my bed, spread my legs and give myself a really good finger-fuck. Of course that's only if Kirsty's not around to do it for me! – *Annabel, Brighton*

DRIVING ME WILD

You certainly get to meet guys in the oddest of places, but none more so than Alan, my latest man who knows how to make things go with a bang! You wouldn't believe how I ended up in his bed.

I was stuck in a traffic jam and the guy in front was really pissing me off, flicking his hair, looking at his reflection in the mirror and not paying any attention to the road in front of him. God, he loved himself and it was making me sick! I flashed my lights and hooted him to get a move on just as he made another check on his hair. But before I knew it he slammed his brakes on, leaving me with no option other than to plough right up the back of him.

Fucking brilliant! Quarter to nine on a Monday morning and a busted fender to deal with. I stuck my hazard

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1832

Tobyward Ltd, Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg No. 1634311 lights on, pulled my short skirt down so that the tops of my stockings couldn't be seen and dived out ready for an almighty row.

"Shit," the guy said sheepishly, looking at the mess of broken glass on the road. "I guess that was my fault."

"Too bloody right," I retorted, trying to keep up the anger in my voice, although I was having difficulty. This guy was drop-dead gorgeous, a thick shock of wavy, dark hair covering a handsome, chiselled face and a body that made you want to wrap your legs around it and do some serious fucking!

"Here are all my insurance details," he mumbled, passing me some documents. "Is there anything I can do to make this up to you?"

Well of course there was, and later that night, as Alan's cock slid in and out of my wet pussy, pumping furiously and making my hole feel like it was about to explode, I decided that this was the best way of making amends. Fuck and make up, I suppose you could call it.

Alan had agreed to take me out to dinner as requested and had proved himself to be the sexiest man I had been with in a while – and I do like sexy men. His conversation had been witty, but the bulge in his trousers that I surreptitiously rubbed through his expensive suit trousers had got me off far more than his intellect! Hey, when I'm in the mood for fucking, stiff cock is all I'm after and I don't care who knows about it.

As he finally pulled out and unleashed a torrent of spunk all over my tits, I thought how lucky I had been to literally bump into this fantastic fuck. I worked the smooth, creamy come into my boobs, teasing the nipples lazily while Alan got his breath back, getting off on the little tingles that were shooting through my body from top to bottom. I hadn't come yet, but I was just reaching the point of no return. I've always been an exhibitionist and I've always been able to turn men on, so I thought I'd combine the two:

"I bet you'd like me to play with my pussy, wouldn't you?" I breathed heavily. "I bet you'd like me to take these two fingers and slip them into my fanny, then work them around my clit, rubbing faster and faster until I come long and hard, wouldn't you?" God, I love talking dirty! It just makes me even more horny – which isn't really saying much!

"Oh God, yeah! Go on Angie," gasped Alan, looking like his cock was just about to explode again.

"Sit on the end of the bed," I commanded. "And don't touch your cock until I say so." He did what he was told and stared at me, mesmerised, while I started to work my fingers into my hole. I enjoyed the feeling of power I had over Alan, a guy whom I hadn't even met till this morning, getting himself into such a frenzy over my body. It made me feel gorgeous and I started to move my fingers around in a circular motion, teasing just a little more with each rotation, until within a couple of minutes my fingers were sinking inside my pussy as I drove myself on towards climax.

When I felt the swell of my orgasm I yelled out, "Now, wank yourself. Come with me now!" Alan started jerking that thick cock of his and with perfect timing unleashed a big wad of semen as the first wave of my orgasm hit me. It was perfect. Nothing's better than two people coming in unison. And if you don't believe me, you should try it.

My fingers were sinking deep inside my pussy

It doesn't take me long to recover from a climax and within minutes I felt horny again. I decided to put on one of my porn movies. We watched a favourite of mine, where two girls get caught licking each other's pussies out by their postman, who ends up revealing such a big tool that neither of the lucky lasses is left wanting!

While the two girls sucked and fucked like good 'uns on the screen, I stood in front of the television, allowing the picture to be seen between my legs, while I parted my pussy lips and offered them to Alan to lick. His hot tongue on my damp mound and the sound of the two girls on the television screaming in ecstasy really got my juices flowing and I pulled his head firmly into my crotch, making Alan work until once again I came with a shudder!

It's hardly a surprise, but Alan has been a regular visitor at my flat since our first bang ended up being our first bang, if you know what I mean. There's never a dull moment when he's around and we've tried every position in the book. Which just goes to show that you should never make a drama out of a crisis. They can often turn to your advantage! – *Angie, Coventry*

ON THE JOB

In and out of the office

WORLD-WIDE NYMPHOMANIA

Working as a waitress in a posh West End bar isn't always the life of glamour that it's made out to be. Then again, it does have its fringe benefits... and I don't just mean the tips!

My name is Andrea and for a girl of twenty one, I think I've done alright for myself. I moved to London from Leicester about eighteen months ago and started working at a club whose name I can't reveal. I'm under no illusions why I was hired – I didn't have a bloody clue about how to serve people drinks! But what I did know was how to service men – and how!

Bob, the club's manager, took one look at my long legs, clad in the sheerest stockings I could find and a short skirt that was barely covering my pussy and I knew the job was mine. Just to make sure, I'd asked him if he liked extras before taking his thick, tool in my mouth and sucking it until he shot a great wad of come down my throat. "When can you start?" he'd gasped, to which I replied that I thought I'd just finished. Whatever, I was in and I was glad to know that my blow-jobs were appreciated!

Just how much they were going to be appreciated I didn't quite realise until my first day there when I met Saffron. She was Spanish, dark and luscious, the kind of girl who made you want to eat her out the minute you laid eyes on her. There was something in the way she moved, the way her arse wiggled provocatively from side to side, that let you know that she would be the best lesbian lover a girl could ever have. And the way she pouted her lips at me got me thinking she wouldn't be against showing me her favours. It didn't take long to find out.

It was my third night and we had finally closed at about six in the morning. There was nobody left except for Saffron and me getting changed out of our work clothes (French maid's outfits, what else?) and Bob cashing up at the front of the club. All the other girls had paired off with whichever businessmen they could get their hands on – and the businessmen were probably already getting their hands all over them! The two of us were down to nothing but panties, stockings and suspenders when Saffron suddenly turned to me, "I tell you Andrea, since the moment I saw you I've been dying to tongue out that hot little minge of yours, feel your juices running all over my mouth and bring you off with my fingers. Now if you don't find me attractive then I will understand, but I had to let you know how I felt."

Well, I have to say that I was a little dumbstruck. I hadn't expected anything like this – and certainly not in such a calm fashion! Unexpected or not, I was horny as hell. The thought of being rimmed by Saffron made me flushed with excitement. So much so that I could barely talk. Instead, I simply lifted my leg up onto a stool and pulled my panties to one side, exposing a neatly trimmed fanny.

Saffron dropped to her knees and immediately buried what felt like a long and expert tongue deep in my quim. I reached for my boobs and started to tease the nub of my nipples, trying to take the horny sensation all the way up my body. I felt amazing – and so did Bob when he walked into the room to check that nobody was left on the premises and found two of his sexiest waitresses hard at it in front of him. Saffron hardly batted an eyelid, but continued rimming me expertly, oblivious to the fact that anybody was watching her.

I was so horny that I just reached for the zip on Bob's trousers and yanked his cock out, pulling on his tool like a woman possessed until he came within seconds – all over Saffron's face!

> He shot a great wad of come down my throat

Well as you can imagine there wasn't much sleep had that night. Back at Bob's flat there was more ramming than at a banger meeting, as first Saffron and then I were treated to large portions of Bob's cock. It was, as they say, the start of a beautiful thing – which became something of an amusement at the club...

Word spread like wildfire that there was a bit of a threesome on the go – and far from denying, it we actually revelled in the attention, even going so far as to put on a full show one night for the girls and lads behind the bar when we'd had a few bottles of wine. We didn't care. We were all exhibitionists and to be honest, when I could feel Bob's monster dick sliding in and out of my hole before unleashing a juicy wad of jizz and know that there were about a

dozen pairs of eyes watching us, well it just made me enjoy it all the more!

Naturally, the news that we were wild got around and to be quite honest, while the owner of the club thought that it was all terribly risqué and exciting, I think he started to get cold feet about attracting what you might call 'unwanted attention'. Mind you, he wasn't against getting his own private shows and having his dick sucked by both myself and Saffron!

> **We slowly slid our fingers into each other's fanny**

Anyway, the upshot of all this furore was that the three of us were told that we should take some time off and go to our boss' holiday home in Sardinia until things cooled down. Since this was to be on full pay – and considering that our exploits had pretty much trebled attendances at the club, we all felt it was a fair deal.

Of course, Sardinia gave us a chance to get back to doing what we did best – and that was providing as much pleasure to each other as possible! During the two months that we were out there I don't think I can remember a time when there wasn't some sort of fucking activity going on. Saffron, in particular, proved to be absolutely come crazy.

The first day there she brought home Jerome, a tall, striking guy in his early twenties. Bold as brass she explained to him that we were all out for a good time and performed an impromptu striptease to prove that she meant business. I followed suit, giggling all the while and we both perched on the edge of the sofa and slid our fingers into each other and started wanking. Jerome could hardly believe what he was seeing, but pulled out a monster tool to match Bob's and the four of us spent hours bucking and writhing, Saffron first sucking Jerome until he came with an almighty grunt and then swapping with me to make Bob come for her.

It turned out that Jerome was something of an amateur photographer as well as a very professional shagger and we spent many days driving into the mountains so that we could find some remote, ramshackle house for us to pose in. Both Saffron and I agreed that it really turned us on to pose for the camera and naturally the first chance we got we were out of the jeep, throwing off our flimsy dresses, sticking our arses in the air to Jerome's delight, teasing our pussy lips apart for his benefit.

I suppose we were two right sluts, but we loved it. We even made Jerome get naked himself while he was shooting, if you'll pardon the expression, and take his pictures with a great, throbbing hard-on to contend with. The session would always end with Saffron and I lowering our glistening pussies onto two twitching dicks and riding up and down until we came. I think that the remote possibility that we might get caught cavorting like this in the open air only made things all the more exciting.

Sardinia was the most incredible place; beautiful, warm and very liberated. Word soon spread about the antics of the crazy people and it didn't take long until there were all night parties that looked just like something out of that film *Scandal*, with couples fucking and sucking in full view and everyone else there getting off on watching! It was normal for me to be walking around the swimming pool, watching beautiful people screwing each other in front of me and just as natural to lie back in a lounger and play with myself for everyone to see.

I loved the liberation and the lack of envy between myself, Saffron and Bob. We could do what we liked, with whom we liked, when we liked and none of us were ever jealous.

On our last night in Sardinia, after we had been told that things had calmed

down enough in London for us to return, we decided that it would be just the three of us and Jerome for one last night of hedonistic pleasure.

As a special treat Saffron and I went into town and bought nurse's uniforms, the shortest dresses you could imagine, and decided to give both Jerome and Bob a bed bath to remember.

We made them both get undressed and wait for us in the Jacuzzi. Saffron and I both wrapped a flannel around our right hands and dipped them in the hot water, then began to wank those two big dicks, the roughness of the flannels obviously causing much excitement in our two patients! It wasn't very long before they had both come, shooting their sticky spunk into the water, then Saffron and I greedily scooped it all up and rubbed it into our knickers to turn the guys on all the more!

Naturally with all that water about it wasn't long before the two of us were in the Jacuzzi together, fully clothed and working up a special kind of lather. The taste of Saffron's gorgeous quim mingled in with the warm, soapy water was incredible and I must have come three or four times during that particular little romp!

In many ways we were all sad to be leaving our extended sex holiday behind, but as they say, all good things do eventually come to an end. Or do they?

I've been back in London for about three months now and, although the weather isn't as good, the temperature where sex is concerned has been pretty bloody hot! Our boss has been rewarded for his understanding, if you know what I mean, and there have been one or two little shows for our most respected friends and clients. This is the life for me!

I suppose I'm what you could call a nymphomaniac, but I don't really like the word. I'd rather just be known as a girl with an extremely healthy appetite for sex! I like it as often as possible with a lot of different people and a lot of different places. Life's too short to settle down – I have no intentions of doing that just yet! Can you think of one good reason why I should!? – *Andrea, London*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike

GIVE ME PATIENTS!

I'm quite sure that the readers of Club have heard all those salacious stories about randy nurses and what they get up to in the hospital wards and nurses' homes – I know I've seen a number of them in your magazine over the past couple of years. And if you thought it was all exaggerated, let me tell you now that it's all true!

I don't know if it was just the group of nurses that I did my training with, or whether it applies across the board, but those girls were the randiest bunch I've ever met. There was a group of three of us in particular who hung out together off-duty, and if we all went out on the town one of us was bound to pull a bloke.

Something seems to come over men when they find out that you're a nurse. I think they all just fantasise abou lying helpless in a hospita bed while several sexy gir tend to their every need. I guess the uniform has a lo to do with it, I haven't me man yet who didn't get turned on by the sight of r in my tight white tunic (although I have to admit, I've shortened it myself to just below mid-thigh to sh off my shapely calves and ankles – I have to do a lot lifting and bending in my job, so sometimes the smooth curve of my butto can be seen as well.

I enjoy wearing sheer white stockings and white stilletoes. I can get a little turned on myself when I'r standing in front of a mirr smoothing those stocking up the backs of my thighs and imagining the effect r outfit will have on those male patients.

Luckily, Vicki and I wo on the male surgical ward we get the pick of any ne

young male patients coming in. A lot of the operations we have to deal with are fairly minor, because we're still juniors – so every day we're dealing with young guys who have nothing to do all day but lie in bed and ogle at us in our uniforms. As well as the main ward, there are a couple of private rooms that we deal with – that's where the antics that I'm going to tell you about took place

There was great excitement throughout the nurses' home when we found out that a well-known sportsman was going to be admitted to one of the private rooms on our ward – everyone was jealous of Vicki and I because we'd be looking after him on our day-duty. I can't say what sport he's involved in, or his name obviously; but he's young and he's been in the news recently – so some of you might be able to work out who he is. I'll call him Bob here, but that's not his real name.

I could feel my pussy moistening like mad

The two of us were positively drooling at the thought of having him on our ward, having to make his bed and catching a glimpse his half-naked body under the covers. And what a body it was... My mouth went dry as I saw his finely-toned chest; bronzed and muscular with a sprinkling of hair – what a turn-on!

It's been a long time since I was smitten by a man, but this was something else. I could feel my pussy moistening like mad as we settled him into his bed, and I knew Vicky was feeling the same. She was practically licking her lips as he lounged back on the white sheets, grinning at us and flirting like mad.

It only took a day before Bob took things further. It was early in the evening just before visiting, the quietest time for us. He was sitting in the easy chair while Vicky and I stripped the bed, when suddenly, as I bent over to turn the corners, I felt his hand snake up between my legs and start to caress my inner thigh under my stockings!

I gave a little gasp, but didn't let on to Vicky what he'd done. Instead I clamped my thighs around his hand, squeezing his fingers right up to my bush. His hand cupped my mound through the cotton gusset of my panties and I stiffened as he circled his fingers over it, exploring every fold of my slit. I was getting wetter and wetter.

I looked across at Vicky. "The dirty sod's goosing me!" I told her. "He's got his hands in my knickers!"

Vicky stared. Of course, we were more than used to being touched up by the male patients, but this was different. Vicky was stirred into action almost immediately. Pulling the screens around the bed and shutting the door, she ordered Bob to get back into bed and pulled all the sheets right back. My mouth dropped wide open as she pinned him back to the pillow and yanked down his boxer shorts, revealing his huge, hairy balls and a prick that was rapidly hardening.

"Now see what you've done to him," she looked at me with mock severity. "You've got him all stiff – and just from having his fingers near your pussy. Just imagine what he'll be like if you had your lips on that lovely tool..."

He was imagining it only too well! My knickers were wet and I knew my nipples were getting hard under my tight uniform. I blushed as I watched Bob's eyes, staring avidly as my nipples grew noticeably larger.

"You know what he wants you to do now," Vicky told me. "He wants you to get that lovely cock in your mouth."

I didn't need telling twice. While Vicky stood guard by the door, her eyes darting between the bed and the corridor outside, I bent right

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AFTER 2AM MOIST PUSSY ACTION 0338 400 821 over the bed and took Bob's prick between my lips. He tasted delicious, and I buried my fingers in his thick blond pubes as I stroked his balls with my hands and licked his shaft with my tongue.

Then I licked up its underside, feeling the ridges of his straining hood and the veins underneath as he grew harder. My eyes were closed as I breathed in the smell and the taste of that cock. So it wasn't my fault that I didn't see that he was about to come at any moment, the shock of his come hitting the back of my throat caused me to jump back – with the result that most of Bob's load shot all over the front of my uniform!

At the door, Vicky giggled. "Good job we have to wear white," she grinned, as I wiped down the front of my tunic. Then she turned to Bob. "I hope you're going to make up for spunking on the front of Katie's uniform."

Her tone was stern – which turned Bob on even more. Without hesitating, she locked the door and came towards the bed, unbuttoning her tunic. "Yes, you'd better make up to Katie for that." And she bent over the bed as I'd done, enfolded Bob's now limp cock between her boobs, and started to give him a thorough titty-job!

And she was bolder than me, too... After a couple of minutes she hoisted herself on to the bed and was kneeling over Bob, her tunic up around her waist and her knickers yanked to one side so that she could reach down and play with herself. Trouble was, she was having to use her hands to hold his shaft between her boobs, and so she couldn't find the right angle on her clitty.

Vicky buried her face right into my aching muff

In an instant, I was there behind her, reaching between her legs and finding her hot-spot for the first time. We'd never done anything like that; I'd never had the urge to even kiss another woman before, but the feeling of my fingers stroking Vicky's wet pussy lips apart made me tremble with lust.

None of us spoke a word for the next few moments. It was all I could do to remember to breathe, as I concentrated on matching the rhythm of my fingers to the one she was using with her hands and boobs on Bob's cock. He was thrusting up and down hard now, arching his back so that his cock was right inside her cleavage. I don't know if he could see me fondling Vicky's pussy, but I could see everything over her shoulder. The dirty cow was even bending her head down so that she could lick the tip of his cock with her tongue as he thrust it upwards. It must have been driving him insane.

But Vicky was even more turned on than he was – if that was possible. I could feel streams of love juice oozing out of her pussy and dribbling down my hand, and that just made me put even more pressure on to her hot clitty. She jerked her body upwards as she climaxed, almost strangling Bob's shaft by the look of it. But he obviously didn't mind, the next moment he shot another load of come all over her boobs.

Two climaxes in about ten minutes is pretty good going; Bob's sporting stamina was standing him in good stead. But afterwards, he collapsed back on to the pillow, and I was glad that he'd only been in hospital for a very minor operation... Still, what mattered even more to me was that I was the only one in the room who hadn't come yet.

It hadn't gone unnoticed by Vicky either. She'd reached down between her legs and was wiping her pussy with a tissue, as she said: "I don't think it's very fair that Katie hasn't had the chance to come yet, Bob. What are we going to do about it?"

But Bob was still catching his breath, barely able to speak. I knew I wasn't going to get the chance to feel Bob's cock inside my pussy – at least, not on this particular occasion. But there was still that ache between my legs, I needed to get some relief for my pussy.

The only way to do it was for Vicky to get me off. I stood at the end of Bob's bed and stripped off my uniform, revealing just my sheer stockings and soaking knickers. I pulled them off and put one leg up on to the end of the bed and pulled my pussy lips apart. The smell of my juices filled the room.

"I want you to eat my pussy out," I told Vicky. "Let Bob watch, anything – just give me an orgasm!"

Vicky immediately went down on her knees between my splayed legs and pressed her tongue to my cunt. I breathed a sigh of relief as I felt her slide inside me...

And then she started doing the most delicious things with her tongue. She used it like a cock, working it from side to side as well as up and down, keeping it as hard and straight as possible.

Vicky buried her face right into my muff as she sensed that I was getting close to coming, her hands gripping my bum cheeks tight as she urged me on towards my climax. I shouted out loud when I finally did come, my nipples tingling inside my bra – and from the knowledge that Bob was watching the whole thing. My second climax followed hot on the heels of the first, my heart pounding as Vicky brought me off, my boobs heaving.

There was a bit of a panic, as we knew that the Ward Sister was due to make an inspection at any moment, so we had to hurriedly make ourselves decent again. There was nothing we could do for Bob, though – his balls were completely empty of come, but his cock didn't know that, and when the Sister came to check on him he had the most enormous hard-on you've ever seen! I'd love to have seen her face – and I know what treatment I'd have prescribed for it if I'd been able to! – *Katie, Huntingdon* ♣

Who says good things come in threes? One more of these and Paula would fall flat on her face! "Go on, make fun of my knockers, they all do!" giggled the 40-inch Eastender. "Me, I'm proud of them! They're my bosom buddies!" Not surprisingly, her tits kept her in cash when the

PAULA

Photographs by Harry Linden

22-year-old was a student by winning many a wet tee-shirt contest. They also ensure she's never short of friends... "Men always come to me for a cuddle," she says. "They want to rest their head on my shoulder."

We doubt they have their minds on such high things, Paula! ♣

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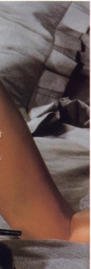
against the kitchen unit, that's the way I like it, specially if I'm still in my formal building society gear!" But she has to be the one to instigate it. One wrong move could land you in hospital. The blonde is a brown belt in karate! ♣



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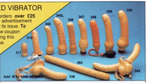

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in the bag

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"I'm feeling very horny," she panted breathlessly. "Would you like to see how horny I am?" I nodded, then Sasha moved onto the bed and reached into the bedside drawer and pulled out a bottle of baby oil. She coated her hands in the cool lotion, then slid two fingers under the elastic waistband of her bikini bottoms and started frigging herself. Her other hand moved to her breasts and she started teasing her nipples, rolling them around between her fingers. I watched entranced as she lay there pleasuring herself, until she called me over. "Take off your shorts," she told me and I dropped them to my ankles. "Now get onto the bed with me."

Reaching for my dick, Sasha ran her hands up and down my shaft, coating it in oil and pulled my hips up the length of her body. "I want you to fuck my tits," she demanded. I straddled her chest with my legs, letting my cock fall between her boobs. It slid effortlessly into her cleavage and I started thrusting it faster until we were both moaning with lust. I caught sight of myself in the full-length mirror as I rode her, whilst Sasha continued to build herself to a climax with her fingers.

Just as I felt my own orgasm building, Sasha suddenly stopped. "Let's get into a '69' – I want to taste your cock!" she groaned. With that, I quickly turned around and faced her pussy while she gripped my shaft and guided it in between her eager lips. As I felt her tongue licking my bell-end, I slid my tongue into her sopping slit as far as I possibly could. She tasted unbelievably sweet and I eagerly lapped up her juices.

I knew I wouldn't be able to last long and as I flicked my tongue hard against her clitty and fondled her bum cheeks, I bucked my hips and shot my load into her waiting mouth. At that moment, Sasha writhed with the enjoyment of a massive climax and then both our bodies relaxed as we lay there recovering our breaths.

"I think that'll do us for today," she said. "Why don't you get dressed and I'll see you again tomorrow, okay?" I dressed quickly, while Sasha showered, and went back next door.

I could hardly sleep that night – I spent most of the time reliving my experience – and when morning came, I practically jumped out of bed and made a beeline for Sasha's front door. As I knocked, my heart was racing with anticipation. "Oh, good – do come in," she greeted me cheerily. "I hope you're feeling energetic today." Her words flowed over me as I saw that instead of the bikini she was wearing the day before, she had on the skimpiest of night-gowns which left nothing to the imagination!

"I hope you don't mind, but I haven't had breakfast yet," she told me. With that she disappeared into the kitchen and returned a few seconds later with a large banana and a pot of yoghurt.

"Let's go up to the bedroom, shall we?" she purred, and we quickly made our way upstairs. What Sasha did next was the dirtiest thing I've ever seen... She slid out of her nightie and got down on all fours on the bed. Then she opened the yoghurt and dipped the unpeeled banana into it, putting a generous coating of the creamy stuff on about half the banana. Sasha then carefully positioned herself in the doggy-style position, her face close to the bed and her pert arse high in the air. Reaching behind her, she took the banana and then slid it slowly into her pussy hole.

THE ART OF LEVITATION
MARTIN

I gasped loudly as I watched Sasha rotate the fruit, building up the pace until she let out a moan and an orgasm ripped through her. She then collapsed onto the bed – the banana still embedded in her pussy – before beckoning me to join her between the sheets.

"Did you enjoy that?" she asked. The startled expression and wide grin on my face was the only answer Sasha needed. She lay back on the bed and then spread her legs wide.

Holding my cock in my hand, I slid it effortlessly deep into her quim. She smiled as I started to thrust hard and fast, fondling her breasts which were now smeared with yoghurt. Sasha really let go then, screaming out her orders at the top of her voice. "Make me come," she pleaded. "I want you to make me come again!" She reached down and started to gently squeeze my balls as I reared up and

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Photographs by Denys DeFrancesco

KATE

We like girls called Kate here at Club... Kate Moss, Kate Hardy; but we think we've found the best Kate there is – Kate Wright. The 19-year-old art student

from Oldham has never been in Club before and could hardly contain her excitement at making her dirty debut... "It's always been a fantasy of mine to pose in the buff!" squeals Kate excitedly, her nimble fingers straying down to the waistband of her panties. "I felt incredibly aroused as the

photographer started taking the pictures. Believe me, if I look turned on and in the mood for good, hard, frantic sex in the pictures, then it's because I really was!"

Wright on, Kate! ♣

COMING IN club

GRAB A BUM BELLE!

Not a lot of people know that the Coming In Club slot is always the very last thing we write every month. That's why the jokes in it are so crap. So instead of trying to make you giggle about what's in store for you next month we'll just leave you with a long, lingering look at Catherine here. Nice, eh? Well, if you'd like to see more than her pert, pink bottom you'll just have to buy the new issue. Sorry we can't tell you more about what's going to be in it, but that's because we don't know either. All we do know is that it'll be fucking horny, so don't miss it for anything! Okay?♣

Volume 23 Number 5 on sale April 21st

in the bag

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pushed my length deep inside her. The whole situation had me feeling so turned on I was sure that I'd come any second, but Sasha controlled the pace expertly.

Sasha managed to keep me going for about twenty minutes in all, and when the inevitable happened, I experienced one of my finest orgasms. I pulled out my cock and emptied my load all over her breasts while she fixed me with a grin as she rubbed my warm seed all over her tits. "Well done!" she panted in delight as we both collapsed onto the bed. "I knew you had it in you!"

We finished our session by taking a bath together, Sasha massaging my cock with her feet and then wanking me off with them before taking me back into the bedroom and fucking me again.

I made the most of our afternoon together, experimenting in different positions and in different places until, inevitably, Sasha told me that her boyfriend was due back any minute. As it happens, I made it out just in time. His car pulled up as I came out of the front door, and Sasha had to make some excuse about keeping me company 'cos my parents were away. Well, she certainly did that! – *Kieran, Manchester University*

HEY JO!

I recently started working in an office in the centre of town; nothing too great, just a regular desk job. However, what I did find interesting was my boss, Jo. She's an attractive woman, about 35-years-old, pretty and with a figure that an 18-year-old would kill for. She had been flirting with me since my first day there, but nothing could have quite prepared me for what happened later that week...

It was Friday night and most of my workmates had either gone to the pub or headed home for the weekend. I was sure that I was the only person left in the building, but then my phone rang. "Carl? It's Jo, could you pop up to my office, please?" I made my way along the corridor, then knocked on her door.

"Shut the door and come here," she said. The room was dimly lit and as I walked towards her chair, she switched on her desk lamp. I was astonished at the sight that greeted me. Jo was sitting behind her desk with her legs spread wide as her fingers plunged in and out of her cunt.

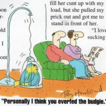
My presence was obviously makin her even more daring, because her moaning became louder and her fingers moved quicker and quicker. I could see them gleaming with her juice as she raised them to her mout to lick them. I could feel my prick straining against my jeans as I watched her frantically licking her fingers.

"Fuck me, fuck me hard and fast!" she yelled, as she clambered up onto her desk, her bum high in the air so I could feast my eyes on her pussy. I moved towards her, then gripped her bum cheeks and started to lick my way around to her pussy. I began to give her a real tongue-lashing, savouring the sweet taste of her cunt and after a couple of feverish thrusts with my tongue she came, pushing her pussy back hard against my mouth.

"Now, you can fuck me properly," she said, leaning against the desk anc spreading her legs. I dropped my trousers and boxers to my knees and then eased my cock inside her, then I started pumping hard and fast. Jo wrapped her legs around my back to pull me harder into her and we fucked like animals. I was all ready t fill her cunt up with my load, but she pulled my prick out and got me to stand in front of her.

"I lov sucking cock when it's covered in my pussy juice," she said, before dropping to her knees and sucking furiously on my hard cock. I looked down to see that Jo was thrusting three fingers into her cunt as she sucked me off. As she brought herself off, she quickly pulled my cock from her mouth and vigorously wanked me off so tha I shot my creamy load all over her tits. She giggled as she rubbed the sticky spunk all over her tits, caressing her nipples delicately, before standing up and dressing herself. "I think that you've proved yourself to be capable during your first week here, Carl. Have a good weekend, and I'll see you at the same time nex Friday, okay?"

I was completely dumbfounded, bu followed her orders and straightened myself up and left for home. As it happens, our little sessions have now become something of a regular occurrence, with Jo showing no signs of wanting anything more than just a quickie at the end of the week. I'm not complaining though – it can only do my promotion prospects the worl of good! – *Carl, York* ♣



"Personally I think you overfed the budgie."

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